Ben. This wind you talke of blowes us from our ſelves,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſſe-gives,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revells, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſty Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwaſht too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the join-ſtooles, remove the Court-cupboard, looke to the plate, good thou ſave me a piece of March-pane, and as thou loves mee let the Porter let in *Suſan Grind-ſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy ready.
Ser. You are lookt for and cald for, askt for and ſought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearly boyes,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Cap.* Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with Cornes will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes daintie,
She 'Ile ſwear hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have ſeen the day
That I have worne a Vizor, and could tell

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LI